PS
3525
U42U5
1900

An Upward Look
for Mothers

Isla May Mullins

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
PS3525
Chap. ..... Copyright No. .....
Shelf .U42U5
1900
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

AN UPWARD LOOK FOR MOTHERS

AN UPWARD LOOK FOR MOTHERS

The child is not
—*Gen. 37 : 30*
Thy son liveth
—*John 4 : 53*

BY
ISLA MAY MULLINS

PHILADELPHIA
The Griffith & Rowland Press
1900

7310

PS3525
.U42U5
1900

Library of Congress
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
JUN 16 1900
Copyright entry
Apr. 23, 1900
No. a. 10242
COPY.
2nd Copy Delivered to
ORDER DIVISION
JUN 20 1900
SECOND COPY.

64090

Copyright 1900 by the
American Baptist Publication Society

Electrotyped and Printed
By the Society

List, ye mothers, 'tis the sound
  Of countless little footsteps,
From all the world around:
  A glad host ever marching,
Children heavenward bound

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. RESURRECTION HOPE	9
II. LONELY MOTHERS	11
III. THE ROVER	13
IV. LITTLE SWEETHEART	15
V. THE NEW WORLD	17
VI. SLIPPING AWAY	19
VII. A DREAM	21
VIII. LAID AWAY	23
IX. WHAT IS LEFT	25
X. CHRISTMAS CHIMES	27
XI. NO MORE, AND YET AGAIN	29
XII. MY WELCOME	31

RESURRECTION HOPE

CLOUDS darkly lie
O'er lowered sky:
A shadowed world, a hidden sun.
We lay away
Our precious clay:
Life's joy and hope for aye undone.

A burst of light
On Calv'ry's height
To waiting graves a glory lends.
"Arise, Arise!"
Through rifted skies,
With life the risen Christ descends.

LONELY MOTHERS

WITH faltering steps I join the host
Of lonely mothers, weeping,
That kneel about small grassy mounds
Where little ones are sleeping.

My empty hands, with theirs, reach out
In vain for tiny fingers,
Whose loving, clinging, sweet child-clasp
About my own still lingers.

My trembling kiss falls now with theirs
On little garments dearest,
And some familiar, childish things
Which voice sweet mem'ries clearest.

But ah, I too, with them look up,
And see the white robes gleaming,
Of little ones in mansions fair
Beyond our brightest dreaming,

And bend my ear to catch the sound
Of children's voices singing
The gladdest, sweetest songs with which
Heaven's courts are ever ringing.

THE ROVER

TO my window slopes a hill,
A tiny bit of woodland sweet,
Where singing birds and squirrels meet,
Mother trees air baby leaves,
And vi'lets blue hide here and there,
With tiny blossoms, sweet and fair,
Shy, nameless, wildwood waifs.
Where ferns and wayward tufts of green
From friendly rocks peep out between,
Or rest on mossy beds.
And wanton grass doth idly grow,
While summer sun's soft glances throw
O'er all a flick'ring spell.
One day there came a little lass
Peeping 'bout the rocks and grass,
Searching my woodland o'er;
Bending here, and bending there,
Coaxing every blossom fair
From out its hiding-place.
Long I watched the little rover
Gleaning all my woodland over,—
Flowers and nodding grass.

At last, with all my blossoms gay,
Tripped the little maid away,
Whither I could not tell.
Next morning, would you b'lieve it, dear?
In a vase they blossomed here—
Here on my window sill;
Where I could touch each violet blue,
Every shy, wild flower too,
And all their fragrance breathe.
I was glad the little rover
Gleaned my woodland over,
And brought sweet thoughts to me,
Of flow'rs so dear and glad and bright
The Father carries from our sight,
Whither we cannot tell.
But dear, when the morning waketh,
And the light of heaven breaketh,
He'll give our own again.
Then nearer to our straining eyes,
Neath the light of heavenly skies,
Clearer we will see them;
And we'll feast upon the bloom,
Drink in full the sweet perfume,
As God's free spirits do.
We'll not grieve, the angel rover
Gleaned these earth homes over.

LITTLE SWEETHEART

LITTLE sweetheart, little sweetheart,
O whither in your playing
Have you gone so far astraying,
That you press on all unheeding,
And keep me ever pleading.

Little sweetheart, little sweetheart,
In the freshness of the morning,
Through the gleam of full day dawning,
Till the sunset glory's falling
You ever keep me calling.

Little sweetheart, little sweetheart,
Sometimes I hear an echo,
When the heavenward breezes blow,
And I hush my weary praying
To catch what you are saying.

Little sweetheart, little sweetheart,
Then I know you are not coming,
From the glad heights you are roaming,
And meanwhile you will be calling
When my evening shades are falling.

THE NEW WORLD

WITH whirr of wings an angel brings
The Master's call for one we love;
While swift the two take upward flight,
Blinded we stand and gaze above,
Mutely we watch them fade from sight.

The world how still! The bluebird's trill
Comes clean and clear from far away;
A child's sweet laugh and merry call,
The hum of wheels,—each noise of day,—
A strange, deep silence bears them all.

The world is new. Far sunbeams through
The silence falling, subtler grow,
And fill the earth with mystic gleams
Which only hearts of sorrow know.
We seem to tread the way of dreams.

But days must go, or swift, or slow,
And mystic light and silence strange
With heart and spirit softly blend,
And give our vision wider range,
And to all sounds new cadence lend.

Earth's day-story, night star-glory,
We see and hear and love anew;
E'en to heart-songs, old and dear,
We list intent as strangers do.
The world unfolds to eye and ear.

Then with grief's light our spirits' flight
May be so free and sure and fleet;
Our eyes uplift with clearer gaze,
And grief's deep silence is but meet
That we may catch heav'n's song of praise.

SLIPPING AWAY

INTO the past they're slipping fast:
The ring of a voice, merry and sweet,
The rush of little tripping feet,
The ripple of laughter, glad and gay—
They're slipping away, slipping away.

Into the past they're slipping fast:
The vision of shining, gold brown hair,
The twinkle of brown eyes, soft and rare,
The light of a smile, like dawn of day—
They're slipping away, slipping away.

Into the past they're slipping fast
The brush of a cheek, a hand's soft touch,
The pressure of lips I loved o'er-much.
My mother heart doth moan, and say,
They're slipping away, slipping away.

But ah, the past is slipping fast
Up and away to the heavenly hills,
And all the space of eternity fills.
Into the realm of fadeless day
They're slipping away, slipping away.

A DREAM

OH, a wondrous trip, in a swift dream ship,
I made on the smooth slumber sea,
And anchor was cast, and the ship made fast
To the shore of eternity.

From the silent deep, of the sea of sleep,
Rose the beautiful silver strand:
And a stairway white with glistening light
Led up to the wonderful land.

Oh, glad little feet, with soft step and fleet,
That tripped up the bright stairway;
A white-robed throng, in heavenly song,
Speeding up to the realms of day.

But one little face turned back to the place,
Where apart, in the dark, I stayed;
And a soft child-kiss—my lost mother-bliss—
On my quivering lips was laid.

LAID AWAY

WAS years ago I first laid away
Little dresses, faded and torn;
Shoes that still echoed the baby steps,
All the wee things our Fay had worn;
E'en the blue hood, from which the sweet face
Ne'er had seemed to fade away,—
Motherless dolls and toys of all kinds,—
And, oh, the tears I shed that day!

Next,—God forgive me,—with heart like stone,
And hard set face, and tearless eyes,
I gathered the things our boy had worn:
His hat, dress suit, and gay neckties,
His "ev'ry-day clothes" and shoes and hat,
Books and papers, ball and gun.
Thick-strewn with our blighted hopes and plans,
I laid them away, one by one.

Then, with trembling hands and quiv'ring lips,
In one great trunk I laid away
A bridal veil and orange blossoms,—
Still breathing fragrance of the day,

A year before, when our Kate was wed,—
With little gowns of dainty make,
That told of quickening mother-love—
Ah, God doth give and God doth take.

Now, blinding tears so dim my sight,
These things I hold I scarce can see—
John's empty coat and his well-worn hat,
His walking cane and specs,—ah, me
It is hard to lay them all away,
Then onward tread life's path alone,
Without the clasp of his tender hand
And strong, brave arm to lean upon.

O Father above, give strength I pray;
O hush my grief, and dry my tears;
Let my soul look up, till visions bright
Blot out life's few remaining years;
And by John's side near the great white throne
With our children three I'll stand,
Our earthly garments laid away
For shining robes in Glory-land.

WHAT IS LEFT?

WHAT has grief left to me of good?
The surest things, O life, thou hast,
My all-enduring mother-past,
And faith's unending motherhood.

Swift the heralds of fame take flight,
Scarce poising e'en to sing our song,
Our joy bells clang with pain and wrong,
Our golden treasure fades from sight.

But, ah, my sure, sure mother-past,
With touch and thrill, and word and kiss,
My rich, rich store of mem'ry bliss,
Will all the things of time outlast.

Each day it comes to me anew,
Some baby curl the gold glint flings,
The lost tone some dear child-voice brings,
A soft eye holds the tint of blue.

Expectant e'er, I look about,
I ne'er can tell when these blest gleams
May flood my past with bright sunbeams,
And drive the misty shadows out.

Through faith's eternal motherhood,
With best of earth and heav'n inwrought,
Symbol of God's divinest thought,
I reach and grasp eternal good.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

H, Christmas chimes, ring soft, ye, and low
Over the little ones under the snow;
For now they sleep,
And mothers weep.

Ye Christmas chimes, oh, tenderly peal
O'er the wee beds where mothers kneel
And blossoms lay
This Christmas day.

Oh, Christmas chimes, sweet comfort ring,
For the sorrowing hearts new hope bring
Of light, and love,
And joy above.

NO MORE, AND YET AGAIN

NO more the air doth bear for me
The soft child-tones erewhile I knew;
Old haunts are still, and emptily
The morn's breath echoes through.

No more the light of bright day-dawn
May steal across the rosy face,
From whence its brightest tints were drawn;
And light has lost each rose-hue trace.

No more in rest is pressed a bed,
It stands untouched in silent white;
A chair that rocked in gay gold-red
Stands noiseless now by day and night.

And empty air, and bare white light,
Wee, untouched bed and silent chair,
Have stilled my mother-heart's best right,
The child-love joy God planted there.

But heav'n's daybreak will wake my heart
With thrill of mother-chords again,
And joy-notes then will bear their part
In full orchestral strain.

My Welcome

"MOTHER is coming," glad rings the cry,
And swiftly the eager, wee feet fly,
Out to the gate,
Where I smile and wait,
With answering lip and tender eye.

Ever and ever when far away,
The tripping, eager feet and gay,
The welcome glad,
From my little lad,
Made short the way and sweet the day.

But the voice and feet one day were still,
And the stillness all life's space must fill.
Home is dreary,
My heart is weary,
And hard for years seemed the Father's will.

Then at last there came (perhaps I dreamed)
A flash of light; the heavens gleamed,
And shining feet,
And voices sweet
Were welcoming mothers home, it seemed.

So, with smiling face I look on high,
And list for that clear, ringing cry
Of welcome glad
From my little lad,
"Mother is coming," and heaven is nigh.

JUN 16 1900

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 348 169 1